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## EXOTIQUE

dedicated to FASHIONS,  
FADS and FANCIES . . .

No. 14

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EVERYTHING  
"SEAMS"  
TO BE IN  
SHAPE!!



## A FASHION FANTASIA . . .

\* \* \*

The Countess Monica, a little-known "Femme de Fashion" won enduring fame for herself during the past Winter in France. In a remote cave somewhere on the Left Bank near the Sorbonne, she, together with a select group of non-professional models, held a private and exclusive showing of some of her latest and most advanced creations.

With her usual good taste, she selected this unusual site far from the eyes of the un-invited. The cave had been, back in the medieval days, a dungeon of some sort. In this grim



and austere atmosphere, where perhaps hundreds of men and women had endured the exquisite tortures of their cruel captors. Monica had placed burning faggots to give just the right amount of light and shadow to do full justice to the work of her genius.

The first model, a pert redhead named Lola, was obviously in character as an archeress wearing a form fitting leather vestie made of patent leather narrowing down to an hourglass waist and then flaring out almost horizontally. Beneath this marvelous garment, which had the unique feature of a built-in corset of small size (about 14 inches) and breathless beauty, a small strip of matching leather served as a scanty, covering only the most necessary spot, and leaving the entire thigh uncovered. Or rather covered by the sheerest full length nylon hose with delightful short black garter straps.

For the first few minutes Lola stood still amid the silent but admiration-filled eyes of the small but carefully chosen audience. The flickering light of the burning faggots did not reach her feet. While such a perfect woman stood before us in such attractive uniform, I could not help wondering what her shoes might be like. Were they

high-heeled? Of this I could be sure! How else would her legs have had the lovely rigidity and the tenseness of her calf together with the tilt of her ankle assured me they were at least five and one-half inches high!

She began to take small strides and sparks shot out from the granite floor. Finally she was in a spot where the light shone on only her shoes. And what a sight; black patent leather tops, narrow in the extreme, coming to a rather sharp point in the front. The heel was a full six inches high, was made of gleaming steel and the width was that of a pencil. It bulged



about an inch from the ground and encased in a brilliant ruby. The other heel held its twin. And then a great wonder . . . the heel narrowed to a sharp point. That explained those sparks! In another moment she again moved to another spot and as if by magic she held a short bow while across her back was strapped a quiver of arrows. Now we were able to see her costume from top to bottom, but an instant later she disappeared into the darkness.

Applause followed and it was with great difficulty that Countess Monica restored quiet and the showing continued.

Three tall and full-figured girls appeared. Alongside of each stood another model. Their companions were dressed in short skirts, lace panties and long silk stockings. They stood poised on heels that were all of six inches high. These girls who were dressed the part of maids were all short, but they had full figures. I have often dreamed of having just such a maid to help me into my corset. The maids tightly strapped the first model into a satin corset. It had large decorative eyelets running down the back and was certainly one of the finest items I have seen.

It nearly covered the bottom of the bust but it gave it just the right uplift. With a corset like this and enough determination any serious girl could train her figure to perfection.

This girl, however, was not yet used to such tightness. Her face became flushed, she grew short of breath and then fell in a faint. Her maid quickly cut the lacing and soon she was again herself. Surprisingly enough she remarked that it had felt wonderful and she vowed to train herself in its wearing. I could only feel admiration for a girl like that. I also remembered the first thrilling time I had been laced into a tight corset. But I had a little more stamina, and didn't pass out until I had danced for almost an hour. I still remember my husband's pleasure when he put his arms around my narrow waist.

The second model was clad in bright steel undies. Her maid had nothing more to do than watch and perhaps wish for a change of place (and, of course, garments). The bra consisted of two hemispheres of gleaming steel, set with sparkling jewels, pointed at the ends and connected by iron mail. A corset of steel plate, reminding one of the days of jousting knights, held her tight and firm, with no give at all.

To complete the setting she held a small dagger with a heraldic device inscribed on its handle. The mail permitted her to move. If one wishes to be stationary, the mail can be removed and binding plates installed in their place. Her dark skin almost bursting out at the edges of her metal undies made for an exotic contrast with the whiteness of highly polished steel. Large ear-rings with short and long spikes alternating in a circle, piercing the lobe with a very fine wire completing this steel undress uniform.

The third model stood in high heeled lace-up boots which extended to about mid-thigh. Above these shiny old fashioned type of boots she wore ultra modern panties of the sheerest nylon and a bra of the same material. It had a slight greyish tint or might have gone unnoticed. Such underthings are meant to be worn under less revealing garments or if used as an undress dressing then it is only for your own home and husband; never for going out! The combination of the old and new prove that good fashion is never dated.

Jenni, a fair, large boned, and fleshy nordic beauty, in a slow...almost halting step came out and stood before us. Her steps were very short--

no more than three inches since her strange dress, fashioned of black satin with a rich sheen, and which barely contained her ample bosom, almost held her legs captive, so tight was the bottom. Its general shape was somewhat different from the usual hourglass sheath. Rather it was like two triangles, points down - one poised on top of the other. Wide at the very top, it tapered down to a mere point at the waist. The secret here is the bizarre corset previously described. How this girl who is much larger than average trained her figure would make an inspiring story for all to hear. Perhaps she will write her



story and her methods of training.

Her hips which are unusually large form the base of the second triangle. It then tapers down to the knees and terminates with an opening only slightly larger than the combined diameters of her creamy knees. Slim garters held up very short nylons of a black hue without seams. These ended below the knees. The garters went up under the dress and there disappeared from sight.

Along the sides of this unusual dress were a pair of shiny gloves - attached. These were long enough to cover the arms and upper arms ending only two or three inches below the armpits. Since the entire length of the gloves were attached to the sides of the dress, Jeml was unable to use her arms to keep her balance. Yet, so well had she trained herself, that despite the tightness of the dress and corset and the rigid positioning of her arms, she was able to walk perfectly with a fine sense of grace on ultra-high heels.

A dainty French maid then brought Jeml the newest face mask. Made from the same

fine quality patent-leather as her high heels, this mask fitted over the entire area of her face. Two small holes allowed Jeml to see and another pair of holes even smaller, permitted her to breathe. There was no opening for her ears or her mouth. As soon as this mask had been placed over her head, her maid tightened the straps across the top and back of her head. Steel combs were then placed in her hair.

While some of us may think masks too extreme, they do give the ultimate in the way of mastery and demonstrate a form of training at its highest degree. Many a plain-faced girl has become the center of attraction, even among the most beautiful of women, merely by wearing a bizarre and stylish face mask.

Her maid then led her from the light back into the shadows. The audience, however, demanded a second look - and then a third. The Countess wisely permitted Jeml to join the audience for a period. She first instructed her that the mask must not be removed. This was agreeable to both the audience and to Jeml.

Rain outfits were then presented. Two new

conceptions: one tight-fitting and one loose were shown. The first, a tight latex outfit, following the contours of the body exactly. A combination bra-corset underneath the latex again illustrated the advantages of old-fashioned figure training for the ultra-modern woman. White, rubber boots reached up to the knees, where a tight, garter-like device held them with determination. The latex panties had openings down both sides and the topper had an opening above the bosom and another below it - both revealing fine expanses of sleek flesh. A rain hat and rubber gloves of above-the-elbow length completed this outfit. The hat ended in a novelty mask with no openings. A new type latex material allows sufficient air to pass through it, and yet even in a heavy rainstorm, it will prevent any water from entering.

The second outfit was extremely loose-fitting. It consisted of a large pair of black rubber boots with high-heels, latex stockings, rubber panties - which appeared to have some sort of frilly lace around the edges, and a wide-short raincoat. This short coat left some of the

panty-frill exposed and was tightly-belted about the waist. This thick belt was of red leather and fastened with an enormous brass buckle.

With rain outfits like these, rainy days can be happy days - many wise wives will probably even want to wear them while putting about the house or garden. The Countess then presented each of these model with an ultra-thin umbrella in shiny black leather with a steel-spiked tip. They possessed a certain protective if not downright cruel aspect.

As the bevy of models spread open their umbrellas, the hidden spotlights turned first green then a deep amber and then a brilliant purple as the most fascinating fashion show of the century ended.



LA CABEZA HUMANA -

by

Allan Wilson



The glittering roadster looked strangely out of place in its squalid surroundings. It crouched like a hound on leash in the narrow ribbon of dust that served as a road leading to the dilapidated adobe hut. An inquiring goat nosed about the front bumper, a bawling kid at its heels. A mangy dog lay in the deepening shadow, tongue lolling.

Behind the wheel of the roadster sat a gringa, an American woman, lips compressed with anger and impatience. From time to time she shifted uneasily, peered into the gloom and patted a foot on the floor. It was hot. The night wind had not as yet dropped down from the sierras.

Again the woman shifted, muttered angrily beneath her breath, and glared at the hovel. Her dress had crawled up, her hose were rolled for coolness. Her knees and bare legs gleamed pearly grey in the twilight. She snapped the cigarette into the mesquite, pressed down on the horn button. Startled, the goat bleated, trotted away, followed by the still bawling kid.

Another woman appeared in the doorway of the hut.

The lamp behind lined the soft turns and contours of a mature figure. Her skirt was vivid and voluminous, her blouse snowy white, sleeveless and lowcut. About her shoulders was a multicolored rebozo.

The woman in the car called, "Come here!" imperiously.

The Mexican girl hesitated haughtily. Then, as she walked down the dusty path to the car every line of her figure showed scorn and distaste.

"You said he'd be here in a few minutes," challenged the gringa, "and I've waited half an hour already! If he isn't coming, tell me!"

"Every night," said Chiquita laughingly, "he come to see me. Perhaps he know to-night you will be here and does not come! The ways of men-queen sabe?" She shrugged, and laughed. Elsa Moran, the gringa, retorted angrily but the words died on her lips.

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From the shadows came the sound of a trotting horse, the sound of a man's voice raised in song.

*De la sierra morena y cieletito  
Lindo voy viajando!*

Chiquita frowned, tossed her head impudently at the gringa's smile of triumph and stood with arms akimbo waiting the approach of the rider. A huge black horse materialized out of the gloom stepping daintily as if keeping time to the rider's song.

The song ceased, a man's laughter welled and bubbled followed by his mellifluous voice. "Corazones mios! Chiquita, my oh so sweet-heart and Señorita Moran!"

Now he was beside the car, a great sombrero sweeping the dust, the white of his teeth startling in the duskiness of his face. Chiquita leaped a torrent of Spanish, but his eyes and ears were for the American woman. In spite of herself she smiled at him,

"Well, Pancho, you have kept me waiting! What excuse have you to offer? Do you bring me any news?"

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Pancho laughed again, his bold eyes devouring the pearly gray flesh so close to him. Elsa flushed, pulled her skirt down a very little.

"This Sabinas Kid," she persisted. "You have located him for me? You have arranged for me to meet him?"

The Mexican looked about cautiously. "My amigo Jose Maria Gardinia Guedea, the Sabinas Kid, is very near! This very evening I have seen him! I have told him that the beautiful gringa, Senorita Moran is oh so anxious to see him!"

"Did you tell him I wanted to give him a chance to make some real money?"

"Pouf! What is monsy to that man? Something to spend! A little wine, a little love! I have told him how beautiful you are, senorita, how like the dove, like the rose itself!" He kissed his fingertips, rolled his eyes and tossed the kiss into the air.

Beside him Chiquita snorted in disdain, whirled and trudged up the path again.

The Señorita Moran flushed and laughed, pleased.

"And what did he say?"

Pancho leaned closer. "Because the government would like very much to find this amigo of mine, this Sabinas Kid, he must be careful. But he is anxious to see you, so he will risk it all. Tonight at the fiesta in town he will find us!"

Elsa Moran frowned. "But I can't go to the fiesta with you, Pancho! I'm not dressed! I'm—"

Pancho shrugged. "That is what he says, señorita. That he will meet us tonight at the fiesta." He leaned closer, talked low for long moments. The woman sat wrapped in thought. Eventually she nodded slowly.

Thirty minutes later Elsa Moran saw strange things. Still waiting, she was aroused from her lethargy by a sudden squall of Spanish from inside the house. Pancho appeared at the door laughing, clad in typical charro costume.

He wore skintight trousers belling at the bottom, short jacket resplendent with silver ornaments. Across his back was a glittering guitar.

"Adios, Chiquita mia!" His voice was full of laughter. Suddenly Chiquita dove into view, crouched as tensely as any tigress, her hands extended like claws, talons.

"No!" she shrieked. "You have promise to take me and you go with thees gringa peeg!"

She was on him, tearing, clawing, hitting. Still laughing Pancho held her at arm's length until the spasm expired. Then gently he set her down and enunciated in Spanish. The lowcut blouse had fallen away revealing the upper slopes of palpitant mounds, mounds that rose and fell stridently in the woman's anger.

Suddenly she stooped, raised her skirt and snatched at a garter. Metal gleamed and flashed in an arc. In the car Elsa Moran screamed, turned her head. She heard the sudden thud of a blow, heard the laughter rise again. Presently someone was opening the car.

"We will go, eh, señorita. These women, they are what you say, the hell!"

As they pulled out of the dusty yard Elsa saw a huddled heap in the doorway. She looked askance at the smiling man beside her, but already the guitar was in his lap and his soft voice was singing.

Hay Hay ayay  
Canta y no llores,

Back at the adobe hut Chiquita picked herself up, cursed softly. Her black eyes were vehement with jealousy. Swiftly she ran through the gloom to the neighboring house where lived good Mamacita Gonzales. Mamacita had a telephone!

At the edge of the plaza Elsa Moran stopped the roadster. From the stone stand in the middle of the square came the soft music of a Mexican band. The crowd had gathered in that direction.

Pancho spoke. "My amigo, the Sabines Kid, will be sure to be here, señorita. Wait for me, and I will go across to the cantina and ask."

She nodded, lit a cigarette, and settled back in the seat. The Mexican, guitar held by the throat, walked across the street and entered the cantina.

Hardly had he disappeared when two dark figures skulked out of a noisome alley and crept close to the door.

Instinct, intuition, made Elsa tense. The two newcomers did not enter. Instead they peered furtively into the saloon, held a whispered consultation, and stepped back into the shadows. Somehow Elsa knew these men were enemies of Pancho! Should she warn him?

Still undecided she saw the lithe figure appear in the doorway, laughing over his shoulder at someone in the barroom. The guitar was slung carelessly beneath his arm. There on the sidewalk he paused, struck a match, held it to his cigarette.

Elsa glimpsed movement in the shadows and screamed. Pancho crouched in a split instant, flung up the guitar at the same moment that a gun blazed from the darkness.

He seemed to stagger for a moment, then as if by magic he had a gun in his own swarthy hand, a gun that spoke once-twice-in answer to his opponents.

A figure sprawled out of the shadows and lay at Pancho's feet. Another figure cursed and ran up the darkened street. The sound of Pancho's laughter mingled with the roar of his gun. The fleeing man sprawled in the dust fifty yards away,

Then Pancho was beside her. There was no laugh on his face now, no insolence in his eyes. They were coals of fire peering up and down the street. His mouth was thin-lipped, twisted in a snarl. He waved the gun at the girl behind the wheel.

"Quick," he snarled, "back the way we came!"

She wheeled the car, headed into the darkness of a side street. As they roared away beyond pursuit, her heart throbbed but she kept the car going at high speed. Finally the man laughed again.

"Did they-did they hit you?" she faltered.

"Hit me? Not me, corazon! This guitar is very special box. It has a steel lining!" He threw back his head and laughed.

"Why?" she began.

He reached over and turned the key in the switch. His eyes were mocking. "Senorita, for three days you have been looking for the Sabinas Kid. You come to me because you hear I can find him for you! I have promised you would see the most notorious bandito in Mexico tonight. Pancho, corazon, is a man of his word. Those fools back at the cantina were merely trying to collect the five thousand pesos offered for the Sabinas Kid. Look!"

He extended the revolver, butt foremost. That butt was gold plated, ornamented with flowers and painstaking scrollwork. A shield, left in the center, was inscribed,

To my friend, Jose Maria Gardinia Gudex,  
The Sabinas Kid.

She gasped. "Then why have you led me on for these three days, pretending to get in touch with the Kid?"



Again laughter. "Senorita, I am a cautious man. For three days I have been investigating you, to see what you would want with the Sabinas Kid. Last night at your hacienda when you talked to Jim Carson, your uncle, I listened outside the window. You are very clever, you gringos! You want a man killed, so you come looking for me, who has killed many men! Your uncle has heard that the Sabinas Kid will do anything for a beautiful face! So he sends you to pull his chestnuts from the fire! I am sorry, senorita, but I do not like Senor Carson and the way he treats his Indians. I am afraid he will have to do his own murder!"

There was a long silence. The girl was too surprised to speak at once. This man knew all the facts already! It was true, Jim Carson, her uncle, the owner of thousands of acres of productive land, did want a man killed, and he had sent Elsa to contact the Sabinas Kid because she was young and beautiful.

"My uncle," she faltered, "will pay you much money in good American dollars. A thousand—perhaps more."

He shrugged.

"Tell your uncle, senorita, that I do not kill for money. Money means nothing to me. Tell him to give back the land he has stolen from the Indians and I will do his bidding. Otherwise—drive me back to Chiquita, senorita."

The car shot forward, but the huge motor ran no swifter than the American woman's mind. As she pressed on clutch and brake from time to time, the dress continued to climb higher into her lap. She was conscious of the hot eyes of her companion sweeping across bare white flesh, up to her firm, feminine breasts so plainly accented by the silken sweater she wore. Once before the adobe cottage, her mind was made up. She stopped the car, turned toward him, and drew one silken leg beneath her. The Mexican gasped as she lay a hand on his arm. Her eyes were taunting, her lips curled but challenging.

These stories one hears about Mexican badmen," she sneered, "are all alike! Lies! Tell the truth, amigo, you are afraid!"

The Sabinas Kid laughed harshly. "Afraid!" I'm afraid of no man that walks the earth!"

"But a woman," she jeered, "You're afraid of a woman! You're afraid of me!"

For a moment her looked at her with hot eyes, then before she could move, swept her into his arms. She tensed against his caresses for a moment, then surrendered as his lips found hers, as his hands cradled the soft flame that was her body. Presently he drew away. This time he did not laugh.

"Do this thing-for me," she whispered and her eyes were a promise.

"Tell your uncle, Jim Carson, that I will be at his hacienda within two days."

He opened the car door, stalked toward the darkened house. The woman smiled to herself and roared away into the blackness. Within the house the Sabinas Kid flung his guitar to a cot, lit an oil lamp, and gazed about. He called, "Chiquita, Chiquita," but no one answered.

Out in the clump of mesquites, Chiquita crouched, glaring down the road the car had taken.

She was cursing venomously beneath her breath, her fingers fumbling the hilt of a small dagger in her garter. As the red tail light disappeared, she gazed toward the adobe hut and her curses were just as vehement. She crouched there in the bushes until the man extinguished the lamp. She heard the jingle of his spurs as he walked toward the shed in the rear, heard the creak of saddle leather and the soft footfall of the huge black horse as man and rider disappeared into the blackness.

At the Carson hacienda later that night, the girl, Eliza, reported to her uncle, Jim Carson, lean and saturnine, sat behind a huge library table, his little pig eyes half closed as he heard the girl's story. Smoke poured in twin streamers from her nostrils, her lips curled as she told how easy the Mexican badman had been.

Leaning against the mantel in the shadow, Tony Peters listened in silence, his eyes continually undressing the woman who sat so carelessly in the chair. As she glanced at Tony, her own eyes widened, closed quickly, as if the two had some secret in common which they were keeping from Carson.

Carson grinned evenly and slapped the table with his open palm. The glass in front of him jumped. "So," he exclaimed, "now we shall see! The Sahinas Kid will do anything for money or a beautiful woman. Elsa, it is up to you! We will see what this face socialist, this so called leader of the peons, has to say when the Sahinas Kid sticks six inches of knife in him. With Morenas, the Agrarian, out of my way, I can buy the rest of that land for a song!"

Elsa wrapped her foot, crossed her legs in a flurry of chiffon that caused Tony Peters to lick his thin lips, to grin widely in a manner that exposed three gleaming gold teeth in the front of his mouth,

"And what happens after the Kid kills Morenas? What is to prevent him from blackmailing you the rest of your life?"

Carson laughed crassily. "Am I a fool? The Sahinas Kid will kill Morenas, then he will be paid. Look—" He pointed at the leering Tony Peters. Peters tapped his left armpit suggestively. Carson cackled.

"Tony Peters, the brave American, will collect the government reward for killing the Sahinas Kid! Blackmail? Bah!"

Later that night Elsa Moran lay flat on her back in her own room, blowing smoke rings in the still air, her brain active and scheming. She wore a diaphanous negligee that clung about her rounded limbs like wet tissue paper. There was a scratching at her door. Again. Slowly she arose, tiptoed across the room to the door. The bolt clicked. Tony Peters slid through the opening, his three gold teeth gleaming in the dim light. Without his speaking, his arms encircled her slim body, drew her closer and closer.

Presently, breathing hard, she drew away. "Oh, Tony, it won't be long now! We'll be so happy together, just you and I. Are you afraid?"

The man grinned down at her. "Afraid of what? How can we miss? We'll go through with it, let the old goat buy the new land after Morenas is dead, then—"

The woman shivered deliciously.  
"Then it's Jim Carson, too! We'll have it all, Tony, just you and I! Thousands of acres for us and us alone! We'll be rich, Tony, -if you're not afraid to do it!"

"Afraid!" His voice was a sneer.  
"I'll do it, never fear. Wait until the greaser bumps Morenes, and I'll do the rest!" He kissed her again, savagely, triumphantly, picked her up and bore her clinging, half-clad body across the room, crushed and yielding in his possessive arms.

Juan Garcia also was aroused that night by a scratching on his door. With much grunting and groaning he opened the wooden door, drew back in astonishment as he recognized his caller.

"Madre de Dios," he ejaculated and pulled the newcomer into the room. "Maria, Maria, get up! The Sabinas Kid has come to visit his old friend!"

Far into the night the two men talked. The Sabinas Kid had many questions to ask, much to speak of.

Later Juan Garcia trotted into the night to find El Diablo, the huge black horse, to hide him safely in the hills.

Hardly had he gone when the Sabinas Kid slid from the house like a black ghost. The hacienda was silent, sleeping. No one heard the footsteps of the barefooted man who climbed to the roof of the rambling porch, pried off a screen, and slipped into the silent house.

Jim Carson in his bed, his mouth open, his toothless gums exposed, never knew that a pair of shrewd eyes watched him as he slept for long moments. Nor did Tony Peters ever know that a black shadow skulked into his room to find it empty, the bed disarranged but cold.

Presently, like a cat, that black shadow slid soundlessly into another room. The moon beat through an open window to illuminate the rumpled bed with silver. Sleeping there all radiant and flushed, sweetly rounded breasts, rising and falling rhythmically -Elsa Moran.

Leaving the room on tip-toes, was a man. The man's half open mouth displayed three gleaming gold teeth.

The next morning Don Jaime Carson snorted at Juan Garcia. "A blind beggar! What does he want with me? Give him alms and tell him to vamonos!"

Juan bowed, fumbled at his belt and produced a square of cardboard. "The blind man, señor, say to give you this. Me, I cannot read but he say--"

Carson looked at the printed card. It bore the legend, "Jesse Maria Gardinia Guedea." He laughed shrilly.

The peons who labored so hard for Don Jaime, the gringo, thought he had a sudden softening of the heart. It became hacienda gossip-Jim Carson bringing the dirty, pock-marked blind beggar into his own house and feeding him!

The Sabinas Kid, who was the blind beggar, listened in polite silence as Jim Carson explained,

Presently the American was silent. The Mexican spoke. "This Antonio Morenes is a very big man politically, señor. There is much danger in his killing. True, as you say he deserves to die. He is a schemer, a bad man who deludes the poor Indians into following him, then appropriates their land!"

"That is just the reason I want him dead," roared Carson righteously. "I can't stand to see the poor peons abused! I'm like a father to my workers. I'm--" The Sabinas Kid grinned like a wolf, gestured impatiently.

"Two thousand American dollars is a lot of pesos. I am a poor man. Give me time to think." Carson grinned, left the room on some pretext. He was shrewd. Spread out on the table was a great array of gold coin. Hardly had the door closed behind him when another opened and Elsa Moran entered.

For a moment the Sabinas Kid smiled at her, his eyes sweeping from her breasts to her trim silken ankles.

"You're going to do this thing--," she breathed, "--for me?"

"For you, corazon!" Suddenly she was in his arms. As she closed her eyes, awaiting his caress, he grinned again, wolfishly—and thrust her aside. Surprised, she tensed.

"Not here," he chided gently. "Tonight when all is asleep!"

"And you'll do as my uncle asks?"

He nodded. "Tomorrow there is the bull-fight. Antonio Morenes will be very drunk. Tomorrow he dies, I swear it."

That night Tony Peters of the gold teeth did not go to Elsa Moran. Instead she lay awake far into the night and waited, clad in her most alluring negligee of spiderweb that showed lush breasts through its gossamer, full flaring hips and tapering thighs. Once during the night she thought she heard singing. Blood throbbed in her veins and she waited expectantly. But nothing happened. Stretched out at full length on the moonlit bed, she lay wide eyed and expectant. Again, later, she thought she heard mocking laughter from the window, but she was never certain.

TO BE CONT'D.

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From the talented brush of our staff artist, G. B. comes the new and bizarre glove designs for this issue of "EXOTIQUE". The first - a glovelette - comes in two units. It is constructed of stiff black leather with an opening running right up the center line of the glove. It opens and closes by means of four straps and buckles. The hand-piece is attached to the fore-arm section by straps and buckles as shown on the page opposite.

The paramount feature of this particular glove is the stakes that are inserted into each finger. After these finger-length steel slivers are pushed into place, the wearer becomes completely helpless - unable to bend or manipulate the fingers or thumb.

The second pair of "Finger Fashions" is a soft, black velvet number with ball-tipped draw strings. Aft of the knuckles and in front of the first finger-break is a row of small metal pyramids. The highlight here is the metal "Finger-Nails" that slip into place at the tips of the fingers. Soft, yet deadly appears this unique glove. It reminds one of a "Cat's Paw" . . . .

## Bizarre GLOVES



FROM ME TO YOU . . .

by

Tans Louise

You know, one of woman's most re-current and vital problems is "finding something to wear". This very problem presented itself to yours truly just last week when I suddenly found myself invited to one of New York's most elaborate and important costume balls with - you guessed it - ABSOLUTELY - nothing to put on... Well, I decided, worrying about the situation wouldn't remedy it so I started rummaging through my "Leather Closet" . . . In this particular spot I keep nothing but my finest and most bizarre leather items - shoes, boots, gloves, skirts, belts, coats - just about everything you could name. . .

Fortunately, a friend was present with a



camera and he recorded the whole episode for posterity. . . . In Photo #1 I am really looking perplexed while trying to decide on appropriate footwear. I am holding two boots - the one in my right hand is a soft calfskin knee-length one with wonderfully built 5-inch heels. These particular boots were the first ones I ever owned and still thrill me whenever I find the opportunity to put them on. In my other hand you can see one of my black patent-leather thigh-length boots with full ten-inch heels. These boots are built on the toe-shoe principle and are not exactly comfortable to wear for any length of time. The first few minutes aren't too bad, but after that, well . . . . Incidentally, you can see one of my pet outfits - consisting of a beautiful tangerine-red leather skirt, a black satin blouse and a 5-inch wide leather belt pulling me in to just under nineteen inches. . . . (Note the guillotine earrings!)

Picture #2 shows me still trying to decide on the boots - I almost weakened and put on the thigh boots, but fortunately (for me) I reneged at the last minute and put them aside in favor of the new patent-leather ones shown in the next



picture.

In Photo #3 I have finally made my decision....If you look alongside of me you can get an idea of what I went through before making my decision. Shoes and boots of all shapes and sizes. The result of over two hours of putting on and taking off footwear.

After making this decision, the rest was relatively easy. I decided on a black leather skirt, a leather cape and little else. Not that I needed any other garments. Of course, just between US - I did have on a narrow waist placher under the skirt, but that was really to hold up my sheer black hose. Some of you might understand my predicament, but just for the sake of the rest - I'm not fooling when I say - "Clothes - not diamonds - are A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND! Ask any man!!!!

Eventually I arrived at the ball and I wish that each and every one of you could have been there to witness the reception that I got. Up until the time that I arrived, one of Manhattan's most publicized beauties had all of the photogs and columnists gathered 'round her, but just as soon



as their eyes focused on my leather regalia - you would have thought that all of the other gals present were suddenly struck with typhoid. They flocked to my side like bees to their "Queen".

Naturally, they all wanted to know how I ever managed to "dream up" such a novel and unusual costume. I don't think a single one of them believed me when I swore that these garments were what I usually wore when I went "out on the town" . . . . But, nevertheless, I must have received at least a dozen offers of dinner-dates, theatre-dates and just plain dates. . . . Think it was me or the costume? ? ? ?

How about some of you femme-readers writing and letting me know of your experiences. I'm sure that similar receptions must have been accorded those of you that dare to venture out into the "cold-world" dressed as I have described. I do have some letters from a few of you, but I'm waiting 'till I get enough of them to release a complete book of "Letters to Tana". Won't you help me? And don't forget pictures. No matter how amateurish they might look, we'll print them. Help me out, won't you? /



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# "Mistress" by S&H

WELL, BARONESS, FOR YOUR SAKE  
LET US HOPE THAT YOUR LITTLE  
MAIDGERMAN NEEHAW HAS NOT  
UNCOVERED ANY "REAL" INFORMATION  
CONCERNING YOU. THE "N.C." IS HAVING  
ENOUGH TROUBLE ORGANIZING HERE  
AND I KNOW YOU'RE AWARE THAT -

YOUR SAKE  
OUR LITTLE  
CITY HAS NOT  
ALL INFORMATION  
"N.C.I." IS HAVING  
GANIZING HERE  
MADE THAT  
HEADQUARTERS  
WILL TOLERATE  
NO ADDED  
CONFUSION!!

DARLING, I'VE HAD MY  
HEAD ON MY SHOULDERS  
A LONG TIME. I INTEND  
FOR IT TO REMAIN IN  
ITS PRESENT PLACE.  
NEENAH'S STUPID...  
WE HAVE NO WORDS  
IES -- CHEERS!!

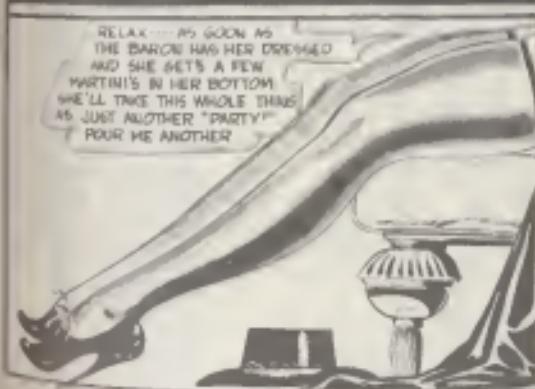


OF COURSE NOW, JUST IN CASE SHE HAS,  
SHE'D HAVE TO BE "DISPOSED" OF--THAT  
BEING YOUR UNPLEASANT DUTY!

SUCH ACTION WON'T  
BE NEEDED. I FOUND  
OUT NEELAH HAS A  
FLARE FOR FETISH  
GARMENTS.  
THAT'S AN  
AGE, SWEET  
HEART!!



RELAX - AS SOON AS  
THE BARON HAS HER DRESSED  
AND SHE GETS A FEW  
MARTINI'S IN HER BOTTOM  
SHE'LL TAKE THIS WHOLE THING  
AS JUST ANOTHER "PARTY"  
POUR ME ANOTHER



YOU-YOU BEAST  
I'M GOING TO  
REPORT YOUR  
FILTHY CONDUCT  
TO-TO WHO EVER  
YOU CALL BOSS!

HMM... REPORT ME?... WHY YOU DARE  
INFLUENT AMERICAN PIG... HOW DO  
YOU TALK TO ME LIKE THAT?... I DO  
WITH YOU AS I PLEASE... AND YOU'LL  
SAY NOTHING ABOUT IT...  
UNDERSTAND!

LADIES, THIS WAY  
TO THE  
**FROLIC!**

WELL, HELLO!-IF IT WASN'T MY OWN  
LITTLE "SHERLOCK'S" AWAY FROM  
"HOME". ALRIGHT GIRLIE, NOW YOU'LL  
GET TO KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT--

SO KEEP THOSE BIG  
EYES OPEN!

CONTINUED —



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# Exotique



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